

ICEBERGS.

They come again, these monsters of the sea,
The north wind's brood, the children of the
cold,
Long lapped and cradled in white winter's
fold.
As worlds are cradled in eternity,
Lulled by the storm, the arctic's euphony,
Launched in hoarse thunder from a moun-
tain mold
Upon the sea the viking sailed of old.
They come, the fleet of death, in spring set
free.
Strange as the product of some other sphere,
The huge imaginings the frost has wrought
Out of the land of the white bear emerge.
Seeking the sunlight, from creation's verge
Southward they wander, silent as thought,
And in the gulf stream drown and disappear.
—W. P. Foster in Century.

A HYPNOTIC CRIME.

It happened in this way. We of the Capital Comedy company, having one summer a month's vacation, decided to fill it in with a "stock season," worked on the joint stock system at Beachington. We extended the commonwealth principle from the stage to the home and took a furnished house, wherein we all resided with more comfort and at less expense than is possible in seaside lodgings. We fellows had a smoking billiard room for our amusement, the girls had a boudoir for their gossip, and the married ladies kindly looked after the consumable properties and the proprieties. And very good company we voted ourselves.

My sister Vere and her husband, Edmund Hatherleigh, were in the "crowd," and their special favorite was a young Spanish girl, who had taken to the boards—the Senorita Alcida Velasquez. She was my special favorite, too, but I mustn't anticipate.

Being seriously in love with the fair Spaniard—who was dark, by the bye—my jealous eyes noted all things affecting her in any way, and it seemed to me that my brother-in-law admired her just a little too much. He was most polite and attentive to his wife, but every now and again I caught him looking at Alcida with more admiration in his impressive eyes than was good for him or for the object of it either.

One evening after the performance at the theater, the ladies having retired for the night, we gentlemen adjourned to the smoking room for weeds and whisky. There the desultory talk somehow veered round to hypnotism and such phenomena, whereon most of us, being ignorant of the subject, expatiated with force and volubility.

Hatherleigh, however, who had been a medico before he became a mummer, spoke about it as one having authority, and we were all astonished, though I was by no means convinced by the arguments he advanced and the evidence he adduced in support of the theory of hypnotic suggestion, especially in its relation to crime.

"But do you mean to say," said I incredulously, "that if you suggest a crime to a hypnotized subject he will commit it?"

"Certainly," Hatherleigh replied. "When in practice, I hypnotized several patients and by suggestion relieved them of all sorts of ailments which had been considered incurable."

"So you have frequently said," I returned, "but for my part I doubt if there is any such thing as hypnotism at all. You may possibly obtain influence over weak-minded persons and by working on their credulous imaginations effect cures of nervous disorders, but—well, I should like to see the man who could hypnotize me!"

"Would you?" Hatherleigh inquired, with a smile that was half a sneer. "What do you say to allowing me to make the experiment?"

"Oh, I'm game, if you're willing!" I retorted rather warmly.

"Very well," said my relative coolly. "When shall we begin?"

"Now," I answered boldly.

"Thanks," said Hatherleigh, with another sarcastic smile. "Now, gentlemen—turning to the others—may I ask you to leave us alone for a few minutes?"

For answer the fellows went solemnly out of the room, adjuring me to bear up and promising me a really hard some funeral should the experiment prove fatal. As for me, I now felt pretty much as a man feels when he's going to have a tooth out. "Now, Sir Donbutf," said my brother-in-law, "just throw away your cigar, and look me full in the face."

I did so. Looking up into the man's face, I began to realize that it was a serious matter for him, and that it might be serious for me also. For a moment I felt inclined to withdraw, for Hatherleigh looked as though he really did possess the power he claimed, but obstinacy and pride overcame fear, and I said carelessly, "Go on with your hypnotizing."

"I have already commenced," he replied, fixing his eyes on mine.

I had expected him to make passes with his hands and perform all that sort of mummerly, but he sat quite still, looking me quietly in the face. For a time I fearfully returned his gaze, but suddenly all my surroundings seemed to fade away, and I saw nothing but a pair of fiery eyes which seemed to burn into my soul. I tried to shut my own eyes to the sight, but in vain. Those terrible eyes grew larger and larger until they seemed to fill the limits of space, and then I awoke to find Hatherleigh regarding me with an anxious but satisfied look. The other fellows had returned, and they began asking me all sorts of questions. But I had nothing to tell. I had no unpleasant feeling. I seemed to have been dozing—that was all. The clock, too, showed that the experiment had lasted but a few minutes. "Well," I asked Hatherleigh, "how have you succeeded?"

"Beyond my most sanguine expectations," he replied, with deep meaning in his tone. "How do you feel?"

"Oh, pretty well," I answered. "I don't want to hurt your feelings, Edmund, but I don't feel hypnotized a bit!"

"No? Well, we shall see," he said

quietly, shrugging his shoulders. He looked fatigued, and staggered as he crossed the room.

"Aren't you well?" I asked.

"Quite well, thanks," he replied, "but these experiments weaken me for a time—it is nothing. Good night!"

So saying, he sank into a chair, and we left him to finish his cigar by the fireside while we wended our ways to bed, all wondering how he would convince me that I was hypnotized.

I intended to turn in at once; but, to my dismay, I could not do so. I tried to undress, but I was by some strange force impelled to open my trunk and take from it a curious old hunting knife I once frequently used as a "property." I never use it now. I exerted all the will power I possessed and endeavored to replace the weapon, for a sense of impending danger was upon me, but my will seemed paralyzed, and I carefully drew the knife from its sheath, feeling its keen edge with my thumb.

By the same mysterious influence I was next forced to remove my slippers and creep stealthily to my sister's bedroom. A hundred times I tried to retrace my steps, but still the awful force impelled me forward until I silently entered Vere's chamber. Closing the door noiselessly behind me, I advanced on tiptoe to the bedside. The room was in semidarkness, but the light of the shaded lamp on the dressing table showed me that my sister was sleeping peacefully, though there were traces of recent tears upon her pale face.

Every detail of the room is stamped upon my memory, and I remember noticing that the fingers of the tiny clock on the mantelshelf pointed to 10 minutes to 2.

"Good heavens," I thought, "why am I here? What dreadful influence is it that deprives me of my will?"

Then in a flash I knew that my purpose was murder—to murder my own sister!

"Why does she not awake?" I thought in my agony. "Why does not her husband save her from this death and me from this crime?"

Her husband! That was the solution of the mystery. He had hypnotized me after all, and I was the agent of his will. But why was I to kill his wife, my darling sister Vere?

Then I remembered the words he had whispered to me during my brief hypnotic sleep.

"You doubted my power," he said or rather hissed. "Fool! But greater fool to think to win Alcida. She is for me—do you hear?—for me. Your puning, white faced sister must be removed, and you shall do it. Yes, you shall kill her and suffer for the crime, leaving free for love—and Alcida!"

All was dark and silent.

I had

of infinite length during the knife from me and rushed out of the room. Hatherleigh was still seated beside the fire when I burst, breathless, into the smoking room.

I called him by name. But he returned no answer. He was dead.

No doubt my brother-in-law had died at 2 o'clock precisely, his death being due to the intense excitement consequent upon the strain he had, by hypnotizing me, put upon himself. If so, the reason of my sudden recovery of will power is plain enough, for with his death his influence over my will naturally ceased. Anyhow I am more than thankful that something between heaven and earth, until then undreamed of in my philosophy, saved me from committing a crime of which my moral innocence would have availed me little in a court of justice.

What became of the Senorita Alcida? Oh, she is now my wife.—London Tit-Bits.

A Bad Use For the Doctor.

Bobbs always was a "kick" witted chap. Only one other possession of his was as nimble as that wit of his, and that was his money. He was always broke and always reckless withal. He took a cab once, being a bit unsteady, to convey him from the club to his dwelling, the latter some distance. The cool night air blowing through the open windows sobered him enough to permit of his realizing that he had no money to pay the cabman's fare.

Just at that moment the driver made that very usual inquiry:

"What address did you say, sir?"

And Bobbs said promptly, "Dr. So-and-so," such a street and number, the same being round the corner from his own abode. The house reached, Bobbs dashed up the steps, rang the bell furiously, implored the doorman to go at once with his instruments to such a house, the lady being in a dying condition from an accident.

A cab was at the door, and would the doctor take the cab? The doctor would. Bobbs huddled him in, gave the driver an address and then started off to telegraph to the lady's brother. Of course Bobbs went home around the corner, and of course the cabman searched in vain for the number, and of course the doctor—well, what could he do?—London Tit-Bits.

Public Spirited Women.

Cincinnati has many public spirited women. They made possible the Art museum, with its magnificent building, which crowns one of the hillsides. A woman started the famous Rockwood pottery. Women did the exquisite carving on the front of the Music hall organ, and their latest undertaking is a permanent orchestra. With that, Cincinnati will stand on the same plane as New York, Boston and Chicago. The Orchestra association is incorporated, and its projectors are full of enthusiasm. The 15 directors are ladies, with an advisory board of gentlemen.

VEGETABLE NOVELTIES.

Some of the More Appetizing Ways of Serving Roots and Leaves.

There is a horrible monotony about the way cauliflower, asparagus and celery are always served. An invariably white sauce is poured over them, and they are sent to the table with tiresome regularity. They may be varied by being covered with quite a thick white sauce, sprinkled with parmesan cheese and colored a delicate brown before the fire. Or any of them, after being cooked, may be stewed in brown gravy.

Even the despised cabbage is capable of being made appetizing. After it is boiled and pressed dry it should be chopped fine and dried again by being put on the fire in the saucepan. Add a lump of butter, season with pepper and salt and add a little grated nutmeg. When hot, serve on squares of hot toast.

Mashed carrots are quite as palatable as mashed turnips. They should be cooked, passed through a sieve and put into a stewpan with a piece of butter, a spoonful of cream, a drop or two of tarragon vinegar, whisked up and seasoned with pepper and salt, arranged in the form of a mound and sprinkled with a little chopped parsley.

Cucumbers are seldom used except raw, and yet they are both delicious and digestible when cooked. The peel should be removed, and the cucumber should be boiled until tender, then drained and sliced and simmered in good brown gravy, to which a very little chili vinegar has been added, for seven or eight minutes. Radishes, like cucumbers, can be served hot as well as in salads. They should be tied in bunches and boiled for 18 or 20 minutes; then placed on toast and covered with white sauce. Peas, French beans and sprouts are greatly improved by being tossed for a few minutes previous to sending to table in a saucepan containing a lump of fresh butter, a teaspoonful of cream, a pinch of caster sugar and seasoning of pepper and salt. A rather more simple way of treating French beans is a la Francaise. They are put into a pan with a piece of butter, the juice of half a lemon and a little pepper and salt.

A ragout of peas needs but to be eaten to be appreciated. Put three ounces of butter into a saucepan with a teaspoonful of minced onion, a few leaves of fresh mint, pepper and salt. When these ingredients have simmered for a few minutes—take care that they do not acquire the least color—add a quart of green peas and shake the pan to prevent their burning. After five minutes add half a pint of water, a very little borax and half a

In Private Practice.

Such strong proofs of the marvellous cures made by Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy have been brought to public notice lately through the various newspaper investigations, that it has become now the standard medicine for which it is prepared.

Dr. G. H. Ingraham, of Amsterdam, N. Y., states, where the regular prescriptions used in a case of kidney disease and gravel utterly failed, he prescribed Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, and it cured the patient.

Dr. Wm. Smith, of Jewett's Heights, N. Y., prescribed Favorite Remedy for Mrs. Casper Brooks, of Athens N. Y., who was suffering from kidney disease, ulceration of the stomach, complicated with sickness peculiar to her sex; after the second day, steady improvement was noted, and final permanent recovery.

Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy acts directly upon the kidneys, liver and blood, in cases of nervousness, dyspepsia, rheumatism and Bright's disease; it has made most pronounced cures, after all other treatments have failed. Druggists sell it. Advt.

GO TO

R. E. HECKEL & SONS,

DELICACIES OF THE SEASON.

Lettuce.
Raddish.
Cucumbers.
Water Crest.
Egg Plant.
Pie Plant.
Fresh Strawberries.
Fresh Tomatoes.

TELEPHONE No. 20.

New Store!

Lowest Prices.
ORDERS CALLED FOR AND DELIVERED.
GIVE ME A TRIAL.

THE
AMERICAN HOUSE,
BLOOMFIELD, N. J.



At the Centre, three minutes' walk from the D., L. & W. R. R. station.

All kinds of Bottled Beer for Family Use delivered.
Special attention given to Transient Guests.

W. R. COURTER, Proprietor.

RESTAURANT,
Separate Dining-Room for Ladies.
Meals Served at all Hours, Day or Night.

ESTABLISHED 1841.

JOSEPH B. HARVEY,

Tin, Sheet Iron, and Copper Worker,
Roofing, Leaders, and Tin Ware,
PLUMBING AND GAS FITTING

Pumps, Ranges,
Hot-Air Furnaces,
PARLOR, OFFICE, AND COOK STOVES,

PAINTERS' SUPPLIES,
Paints, Oils, Putty, &c., &c.
BLOOMFIELD AVE., near Centre.

A PRIZE FOR MEN AND WOMEN

SEND your address to us for a sealed circular, and hear what we have to say. If your Bust, Face or Neck needs filling out, or you need enlargement or vigor in any way. No failure with us. SYNDICATE T. & MFG. CO., 47 North 13th St., Phila., Pa.

HOT SUMMER

Bargain Sale!

AT THE



Have you
Been There?

It is a Repetition of Our Rates

Respect that it is the

★ Benedict's
DIAMONDS AND
WATCHES, Diamonds,
Rich Jewelry and Silver
THE
BENEDICT
Bloomfield
Savings Institute
Office: 7 Broad St., near
Hours: 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.
Closes at 4 P. M.
An abstract of the
pursuance of the
Bonds and Mortgages
Cash to Bank and
United States Bank
Morris & Essex Sts.
Delaware & N. J.
Real Estate
Furniture and
Interest due on
Due deposit of
Due other Bank
Interest account
Surplus
During the present year
lowest on deposits at the rate of 3
per annum (rate of 3 1/2 per cent
before.
Interest compounded
monthly.
Deposits received in the
month each interest is made
All interest when received is
principal and interest
J. G. Keyler & Co.
556 Bloomfield Ave.
DEALERS IN
FURNITURE
Of Every Description
Parlor and Chamber Suits, etc.
Also, Oil Cloth, Carpet
Lining, Mattresses, and
always on hand.
Upholstering and Repairs
with neatness.
Furniture, Pianos, etc.
Carefully
Expressage. Contain
GUSTAV BRUN
Best Storage Accommodations
ALL KINDS OF TEAM
Horses Boarded by the
No. 9 LINTON AVE.
BLOOMFIELD, N. J.
PHILADELPHIA PRINTING
Only Place in Town
No Cheap Canned
But Very Low Prices on
FLOUR.
FANCY "MOUNT BLANC"
\$4.75
Don't lose the opportunity
to buy a barrel.
R. T. CADMAN
595 BLOOMFIELD
Entrance also on Broad